In Memoriam.

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A MEMORIAL

OF

Mrs. Martha E. Low.

BY

Rev. A. P. PUTNAM, D.D.

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—

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Selections.

Who is like a mother among all them that are in the earth.

Precious shall be her memory when she goeth down to the grave, and the remembrance of her goodness shall be as a healing balm.

He that honoreth his mother is as one that layeth up treasure.

Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted, saith the Lord.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

He redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.

The Sleep.

"*He giveth his beloved sleep.*"—Psalm cxxvii, 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth his belovèd, sleep!"

What do we give to *our* beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth *his* belovèd, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth *his* belovèd, sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his belovèd, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,—
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would child-like on *His* love repose,
Who giveth his belovèd, sleep.

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
"He giveth his belovèd, sleep."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

In Memoriam.

DEPARTED this life, at Newport, Rhode Island, on Saturday evening, April 19th, 1884, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, Mrs. MARTHA E. LOW, wife of Mr. JOSIAH O. LOW, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

At the funeral of the late Mrs. S. B. Chittenden, the Rev. Dr. Storrs, in a very appropriate address which he made on the occasion, referred most feelingly to the large number of deaths that have recently occurred in well-known circles of our city life, and to the fact that what has been known as "Brooklyn Society" and has been to so many a rich source of enjoyment and comfort, has seemed to be rapidly breaking up and passing away, whatever might be the new order of things that should come to take its place. As I listened to the impressive words of the eloquent preacher, many a sad event in the fortunes of my own church during the last few weeks or months came back forcibly to my mind to lend added significance to the truth that was so fittingly spoken. Even then, all that was mortal of one of my most revered and beloved parishioners was awaiting its burial on the following day. Very near me sat the dear and honored friends, whose names appear in the opening lines of these commemorative pages; but little did I think that one of

them, who, however seriously ill she had been at times, was now apparently quite well, was herself so soon to afford another illustration to the startling, yet evident lesson of the hour. The next morning, Mrs. Low, accompanied by her husband and their eldest daughter, Mrs. Sand, journeyed to Newport to make certain necessary arrangements for the summer, which they expected to spend at their beautiful seaside home that receives the name of *Wolme* from that of their greatly lamented son, E. M. Low.* As we were assembling for public worship on the succeeding Sunday morning, the appalling intelligence reached us that she had suddenly died at that city, at 11 o'clock on the previous evening. On Monday her remains were brought to Brooklyn for interment in Greenwood Cemetery, and on Wednesday afternoon her funeral obsequies, begun with a brief service at her late residence, were held at the Church of the Saviour, and were conducted by the Pastor, assisted by Rev. F. A. Farley, D.D., the former minister, and by Rev. Robert Collyer. A very large number of citizens and friends were present to pay their respect to the memory of the departed and in token of their sympathy for the family and the immediate relatives, who, after many a sore bereavement, were now again overwhelmed with loss and grief. The children who survive her are, Mrs. Maximilian E. Sand, Mr. Chauncey E. Low, and Mrs. Samuel E. Huntington.

Mrs. Low was born in New York, June 21, 1819, and was a daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Mills, who was a prominent and much respected citizen of that metropolis. Soon after her marriage on the 3d of February, 1845, she took up her resi-

*See obituary, page 29.

dence in Brooklyn and at once assumed the high position in society to which her superior intelligence and worth so well entitled her, and which she continued to maintain and adorn to the last. She had already, after completing her course of study at home and at Mrs. Willard's famous school for young ladies at Troy, travelled abroad in 1839; and again, in 1857, she sailed for Europe with her husband. It was my privilege to make their acquaintance at Rome in the summer of 1863, when, with others of their family and kin, she had crossed the ocean for a third time; and I very well recall the rare brilliancy of her mind and charm of her nature, as evinced in all our little social gatherings, at Dr. Gould's, Mr. Hooker's, and at the hotels, and in various excursions that chanced to bring our respective parties together. I was then the pastor of the Mount Pleasant Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts. In the autumn we had all returned to America, and in the following spring I accepted an invitation to supply for two Sundays the pulpit which Dr. Farley had surrendered the year before, and during my sojourn in the city I had the good fortune to be the guest of the family whom I had thus come to know in Italy. I was again under their hospitable roof when, a few months later, in obedience to a call of the Society, I returned and began my ministry in Brooklyn; and still once more, when sometime afterward I was quite unwell, and their thoughtful and generous interest took me from my boarding-house to the ever-remembered ministries and care of their own happy home. The friendly mutual relations which were thus established have been per-

petuated from then until now—a period of two decades, for which I have had the pleasure to claim them also as most valued parishioners, finding them ever faithful as well as influential in the church, seeing them often at their own private residences, marrying the children and christening the grandchildren, and being with them in many a joy and many a sorrow. The excellent opportunities I have had of becoming acquainted with the life and character of the admirable woman of whom I write, and a deep sense of her manifold and unfailing kindnesses to me and mine, not less than of her possession of exceptional gifts and virtues, would hardly excuse me from the grateful tribute which I would fain here record.

Her intellectual talents and tastes were of a very high order. Bright and always brimming with life, she was intensely eager for knowledge, finding as by instinct where the choicest flowers grew and the most precious stores were hidden. No field of research was closed to her earnest inquiry and investigations, and there was no real wealth of thought or wisdom that failed to command her absorbing interest and engage her swift pursuit. She was a lover of good books, and was largely familiar with the best literatures, as well as with several of the modern languages. She was quick to get at the treasures alike of history, fiction, poetry and science, and whatever she thus acquired she held with a most tenacious grasp of memory, as well for the edification and delight of others as for her own satisfaction and progress. She was extremely fond of music and

passionately so of art and nature; knew the great masters of song and had drunk deeply of their immortal harmonies; revelled in the inspirations of the painters, sculptors, engravers and architects, but had a keen eye for the defects not less than for the merits of their works; and wherever she went, by the roadside or by the seashore, in the gardens, through the woods, or over the continents, the whole earth for her was full of wonder and joy. Nothing escaped her. She saw a charm or meaning in objects which to others had none; and the myriad tiny things of beauty and half-veiled forms of loveliness with which God has crowded the universe around us, and which the dull vision of most of us is so slow to discern, she would catch at a glance. I was never more struck with this than when, a year ago last winter, I met these cherished friends a second time on the shores of the Mediterranean, and shared with them several drives and many pleasant hours in and about Nice, on the Riviera. In 1870-71 they had taken a tour, westward by way of San Francisco, round the world; in 1876-78 had voyaged the Atlantic again, and extended their travels to some of the more northern countries of Europe; and in 1879 had crossed once more and roamed over yet unvisited regions of the south. It was now their last wandering together in the lands of story and of song. We rode one day along the fine streets and boulevards and past the blooming gardens and handsome villas that were shaded and embowered with trees and plants of endless variety, and then ascended Mount Boron beyond, whence we had a

superb view of the "great wide sea" at the south and the vast snow-clad ranges of the Maritime Alps at the north, the long and pearl-strung shore-line as with many a fold or curve it stretched away to the east and the west, and the fair city as it lay peacefully on its hill-girt plain just below us; and in another excursion we mounted, on the hither side of the town, the noble heights of the Magnan and looked out towards the Var, where rose a stupendous vertical rock, whose grandeur, I well remember, elicited from Mrs. Low words of most enthusiastic admiration, and where there was spread out before us a landscape whose diversified scenery of hill and valley, grove and forest, verdure and sunshine, kindled her into a very ecstasy of joy; and yet again we followed up along the banks of the Paglione, that flows down midway through plain and city from the fastnesses and ravines far in the interior, soon wending our course through tremendous gorges overhung with frightful precipices, reaching at length the curious Grotto of St. André, where a small boat tempted us to explore its dripping, cavernous depths, and finally, as we had returned to our carriages, toiling our way to the little quaint old village of Falicon, perched upon a lofty summit, from which we could gaze off in whatever direction upon a lovely and boundless prospect, such as scarcely any other than that realm of enchantment can unfold to the eye. Our friend saw something to gladden or fascinate her at every turn, in the purpling hues of the majestic mountains and in the ever-changing aspects of the glorious waves, in the most insignificant "flower in the cran-

niest wall," in every deeper or more delicate shading of leaf or petal, in each slender and graceful stem and in each gnarled and venerable trunk, in the dappled lights and shadows of the trees and in the most fleeting, vanishing speck of cloud in the sky, in grey, picturesque vestiges of mediæval structures, and in all the minutest manifestations of modern care, skill or taste that graced cottage, palace or grounds, or ministered to human comfort or happiness. As often as the attention of her companions flagged, or their rambling talk wandered to things remote, they were speedily called to see close at hand some fresh wonder that was there but for a moment, and were made to feel anew the force of the adage or motto — "*This way but once!*"

She was ever on the alert, and that was the spirit which she infused into others, quickening them to observe, and learn and think. Those who were acccustomed to meet her were not a little led to realize that they must be at their best and have something to say. She would soon come to know of visitors or returning absentees, where they had been and what they had seen, what new books they had read, what most engaged them, and what contributions they had in store. Her interest was not affected or merely curious, but was as genuine and rational as it was full and irrepressible. It is possible that sometimes there were those who were aware of her agile mind and great resources, who might almost have feared the encounter. If so, it was because they did not fully understand her, and enter into the kindness that ruled her and the insatiable desire she had to learn

something of every one who sat at her table or fell in her way. To this end she would not seldom resort to argument, and the better to draw out what was in others and elicit a brisk talk or discussion, would seem sometimes for the moment to take sides or express views that might not exactly reflect her own deepest convictions or most cherished sentiments. So far from there being any premeditated design or studied concealment in this, it was but one way in which she indulged her spontaneous and inexhaustible humor, an immediate outflow of her eager and exhuberant spirit, desiring as she did to see what those who were with her had to offer, and to generate life and keep things in motion. Dullness and stagnation she could not endure. Her own words were always pithy and to the point. She ever had an ample fund of sparkling thoughts, and apt stories, and striking illustrations and sayings at her command, and they were sure to find a ready and happy utterance. She was instant and keen at repartee, and liked the successful retort of others even more than she did the piercing, but harmless shafts, and clever raillery or badinage, which, with infinite good nature, she herself let fly in the tilt. And she was as good to listen as she was competent to speak. She was no Madame de Staël to monopolize an hour's incessant talk and call it a delightful interview. The other day I heard one of the most accomplished and eminent educators in the country make special and admiring mention of her, as a woman who was not only remarkably gifted and well-equipped for conversation, but also, in the practice

of the art, most polite and deferential. Even the humblest became her teacher, and it was quite characteristic of her, that when she heard that a certain blacksmith of Newport could tell her much that she wanted to know about the Geology of the Island, she should seek him out at the forge, have a chat with him, and engage him to come to her house two miles out of the city, and bring some of his specimens with him. In no selfish or exclusive way, but with a truly cosmopolitan spirit, and with not a little childlike docility, she sought instruction wherever she could find it, and made everything tributary to her growth and advancement,—society and nature, city and country, rocks and ruins, scenes of recreation and haunts of the Muses, libraries and galleries, and all the memorials of the past, and all the nameless conditions of life in the many lands to which from time to time she went forth to glean.

Home was ever the one center of her thought and life. No literary ambition lessened for her its charms; no distance dimmed for her its brightness. She was there the idol of all hearts. She studied to make the domestic scene the abode of all the virtues and to fill it with sunshine and joy. The sports and games of the children, their improvised plays and entertainments, and whatever love of fun and fertility of resources could supply to enliven the social scene and add to the general mirth, had her prompt sympathy and aid, and were an unfailing source of amusement to her, and an end to cark and care. At one time she established in the household a paper, written though not printed, to which all

the members of the family were regular contributors, and which, I venture to say, was as varied and interesting in its contents as any that comes to us statedly from the press. From first to last, sons and daughters found in her a companion in study as well as in recreation. Ever and anon she would go back and renew with them the occupations of her own school-day life, while yet the years were full also of fresh plans and pursuits which were not embraced in their ordinary courses of instruction and culture. To surround them with pure and elevating influences, to stimulate them to intellectual activity, to quicken them more and more to seek and acquire the things which she herself hungered and thirsted after, and to make them the inheritors of the fruits of her own tireless and indomitable quest, happy in one another and animated by one and the same spirit,—was her ceaseless aim and effort. And it may not be forbidden me to say that the reward of all her desire and endeavor was such as she coveted most, and such as must surely be an unspeakable solace to him who has shared her every counsel, and co-operated with her in every labor for the one end in view.

She knew and practised well the law of hospitality. She was accustomed to all the refinements and elegancies of life, and her welcomes and receptions were ever gracious and most enjoyable. She was "to the manner born." She was too high-minded and had too much good sense and education and true womanly instinct for any loud and merely fashionable display or parade. She was fond of society, but

was not a slave to it; and she liked to be in the world and not out of it, yet she valued it, and whatever wealth and position she had in it, for the high privileges and the really beautiful things and rational pleasures which they might confer, rather than for any meretricious pomp or vulgar trappings or empty honors they could command. She greatly enjoyed, and would fain have others enjoy, not for her own sake, but for theirs, the treasures and ornaments which her own taste and zeal had gathered as spoils from far and near to make interesting and attractive her winter and summer homes; but she made no vain boast of them, and was as quick to delight herself in whatever pleasing object was yours as in anything of the kind that was hers. She was by nature thoroughly appreciative, and was quite sure and glad to find and remark upon some pretty vase, or picture, or design, or arrangement of your own selection or device, whenever she entered your house, even as she was glad and sure to get some fresh thought, or valuable hint, or helpful influence, from well nigh every person she met. She was not more hospitable to callers and visitors at her home, than she was to new truths, ideas, facts and suggestions. She was free and generous to discover the good in whatever sermon or lecture she heard, in whatever article or book she read; and she did not hesitate to commend what she liked or openly dissent from what she disapproved. In either case, her word, whether accepted or not, was always a service. All the doors and windows of her soul were wide open, and if what she so largely welcomed

to her mind ever seemed to any one to lack systematic order or failed to crystallize into any fixed or definite form, it was no doubt greatly due to the very rush and abundance of her acquisitions. Her mind, I should say, was receptive rather than constructive. She was ever asking for more, instead of stopping to arrange or adjust what she already had. Such activity and impetuosity as hers it is not easy to harmonize with a life or with habits of calm meditation and tranquil repose. The fire within her burned on bright and strong and fast to the end.

Matters of theology and religion deeply interested her, as did all things else. She had been bred in the strictest kind of Calvinism, but she early passed out of it, and in her young womanhood became a decided Unitarian. She was an habitual attendant at the two churches of this faith with which her family were connected at Brooklyn and Newport, regularly participated in the communion service, and was through life a most interested and diligent reader of the Scriptures, often comparing numerous passages and making copious annotations, the better to satisfy herself as to what the Bible actually taught and what was really the truth. With liberal Christians generally, she held to no doctrine of the plenary or verbal inspiration of the sacred volume, but while she recognized the human element in it, she was not slow to find in it also that which is forever divine and adapted to the soul's deepest needs. No one was more glad than she to discover the good that is in the records of the old ethnic religions and worships, or in the views and

observances of the various sects and denominations of to-day. She often had a kind word for churches or systems of the most divergent tendencies or antagonistic attitudes. Sometimes one might have thought, from her freer utterances, that she was in danger of drifting into a liberalism of doubt and unbelief. But she was too wise for that, and her whole womanhood would have forbidden it. Had she lost her moorings at all, I could for one have much more readily expected, from what we knew of the esthetic side of her nature and of her inclination to turn to what might open to her the greatest wealth of historical lore, feed most her imagination, and give her the fullest opportunity to acquaint herself with that which is incomparably rich, instructive, or venerable in Christian songs or symbols, liturgies or literatures—to see her borne into the Roman Catholic communion itself, in the hope to find there the soul's satisfaction and rest, as not seldom is the case with Protestants of not dissimilar culture and aspirations. But that, too, was with her an utter impossibility. And it is equally certain that she would have stopped at no half-way house. Least of all would she have been swayed, in whatever direction or to whatever extent, by motives of policy, or by the influence of fashion, or by any wretched attempt to convince herself of the truth of what she knew in her heart she could not believe, and so to make peace with a violated and upbraiding conscience. I recall how, a few years ago, she was greatly amused at the answer of a Sunday School pupil to his teacher, who had asked him: "What is meant by *Faith?*"

The lad promptly replied: "Believing what you know is not true." No, she was here, as everywhere else, absolutely honest and sincere. She would fain see Religion wedded to Art and Music and all the fine and beautiful things in nature and life, and no one more than she desired or demanded certitude in relation to doctrinal and spiritual matters, but she still held to the one God, the Father, and was still centred and anchored in the simplicity that is in Jesus Christ, His Son. There was the rock of her confidence, and no other was so sure and sufficing. I think that the *Church-idea*, in a broad and unsectarian sense, was very strong with her, and I do not suppose it would have been possible for her, in any event, to have surrendered it, or to have failed to find in it a source of comfort and rest.

No human characters are perfect. All, whatever their excellence, have their limitations and defects; and none would chide me so quickly as Mrs. Low herself, were I to intimate that she had not hers; and I feel very sure that she would be the last to allow the praise I have already given her, just and well-deserved as I hold it to be. Whatever the lack, it was better known to the omniscient eye than to any of us; but even if we knew it all, we should have but little heart to dwell upon it, in the presence of so much that is fair and good. Say, if need be, that she had not the peculiar element or type of piety, or the absorbing personal participation in works of charity, which are so conspicuously brought to view, for instance, in the biographies of such women as Mary Ware, Elizabeth

Prentiss, and Lucretia Mott. She would claim no such distinction. Yet was she a Christian believer and worshipper; a most faithful and loving wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend; a bright ornament of society, and in many a way its benefactress, always seeking to give it a truer tone, and a higher attractiveness, and not forgetting the claims of various humane institutions with which she was officially or otherwise connected; a child of the air and the sun, full of life and cheer, breezy and spicy, warm with kind and generous feeling, and endowed with uncommon mental powers and faculties and possessed of a most unusual versatility of gifts and aptitudes, all of which she cultivated and improved as best she could, and employed with unwearied zeal in ennobling pursuits and in the helpful service of those by whom she was immediately surrounded. Better for saints, devotees, good Samaritans, and all, could they only share more largely of the blithe and healthful spirit and the really honest human flesh and blood that entered, as so vital a part, into her whole womanly nature.

Her thoughtfulness of others was evidenced in manifold ways, and touching proofs of it came to light after she had gone, as also they were uniformly given while she was yet with us. The distressing bereavements which had visited her in her later years, and the alarming illnesses that from time to time came to her chiefly in consequence, had, as might have been expected, the effect not a little to modify the effervescence of her nature and temper the joyousness of her life. She seems to have felt at times that her hold upon terrestrial things was precarious,

but her tender solicitude was still for those whom she might leave behind, however much she longed to meet beloved ones who had gone before. Laid away carefully in her desk were books and papers in which she had written full and minute instructions to guide surviving members of her family in any possible sickness or other unforeseen circumstances that might arise in the home, affording another illustration of her mindful and busy ways, and of her close and faithful attention to a great variety of interests and duties. Yet, however fond and ardent was her devotion to those who remained to her here, it was but natural and inevitable that she should have a deep and unutterable yearning to be with other objects of her deathless affection who had passed into the heavens and whom she knew she should greet again with blissful rapture. Their departure had cast for her a shadow over the earthly scene. Yet still it was to her a beautiful world, and in her final visit to Newport she repaired to her house, entered its apartments, threw open the blinds, and gazed silently and long out of the windows that overlooked the lovely bay, and afterward took her favorite drive round the shores of the Island, thoughtfully surveying the beauty that was everywhere and that had so often entranced her soul in summers gone, as if sadly conscious that it was for the last time, however her eyes might open soon upon other prospects, radiant with "a light that never was on sea or land." There Faith, with unclouded vision, beholds her now on that mystic shore, in the full presence of those who "stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." There in

the companionship of the risen and the glorified, and in renewed and perfect health and gladness, she still pursues with unconquerable ardor and ineffable delight the high prizes of truth and knowledge, wisdom and goodness. What wonders have already broken to her view, and how well she had sought to prepare herself, in this earlier stage of her being, to comprehend and appreciate them, and to slake her immortal thirst with the fullness of their invigorating and joy-giving life! If this world can be made to yield so much that is for the soul's satisfaction and pleasure, what may not that better world have in store for it with the astonishing revelations which shall there be made and the histories which shall there be unfolded amidst the society of pure and beatified spirits, and in that Paradise of God of which the visible glories that are here are, after all, but the passing shadow!

"This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvelous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole
Like a parchéd scroll
Shall before my amazéd sight uproll,
And, without a screen,
At one burst be seen
The presence wherein I have ever been."

Mrs. Low was blessed with great privileges and opportunities, and the wise use which she made of them and the priceless legacy which her labors have bequeathed to those for whom she lived, call for the continuance of her work and the fulfilment of her sacred dreams and wishes. It is sometimes given to one to sow, and another to reap. One gathers and another builds. No one can do all. It was reserved for Solomon to erect the temple, but it was David who was commissioned to collect from far and near the needed materials and fit them for their destined uses—"gold for things to be made of gold, and the silver for things of silver, and brass for the things of brass, the iron for things of iron, and wood for things of wood, onyx stones, and stones to be set, glistering stones, and of divers colors, and all manner of precious stones and marble stones in abundance." But wider than any lands which the shepherd king ever knew were

those from which our dear friend accumulated the yet costlier and vaster treasures which were to be wrought into still nobler forms. Few among us, as it seems to me, had read so many books, travelled so extensively, seen so many faces, observed so closely, remembered so well and brought so much away. Many parts of our own country; England, Scotland and Ireland; France, Spain and Portugal; Holland, Switzerland, Germany and Austria; Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Russia, Italy and Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt, India, China and Japan, with numerous provinces and principalities, shores and islands beside—she had visited them all. The great cities and wonders of the world—she had accomplished her desire and purpose to behold them and had read the tales they had to tell. London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, St. Petersburgh, Athens, Constantinople, Damascus, Jerusalem, Cairo, Calcutta, and the rest; the Pyramids and the Parthenon, the Kremlin and the Alhambra, St. Peter's and Westminster Abbey, and the multitudinous array of glorious monuments, cathedrals, temples and palaces, with Alpine heights, famous battlefields, storied streams and classic shades, and I know not what else of the Eastern hemisphere, together with our own majestic trees, and boundless forests and prairies, and mighty rivers, lakes, cataracts and mountain peaks and ranges here in these Western climes—they were hers, hers to see, and study, and enjoy, and to be made to swell the sum of her attainments and satisfactions. Hers, also, that with the truths, lessons and influences they should impart to herself, she might enrich the lot of

others and enable them to build for themselves, in their own characters, fairer and more enduring fabrics than that which the ancient Hebrew monarch completed, even though it was constructed of the cedars of Lebanon, and the gold of Ophir, and all kinds of choice stones and glittering gems. Serious considerations of her own health or that of others might necessitate the change of scene and demand restraint and care, yet the harvest seemed not the less abundant; and what wealth for the garner came back with her as again and again she returned from her wanderings, or was transmitted hither in her innumerable and exquisite letters, written while she was away, none know so well as those who at home have been so constantly and bountifully favored with her ministries of light and love.

"Take these gifts and contributions," seems to say a familiar voice from out the silences, "take them, and with 'no sound of hammer, or axe, or tool of iron,' incorporate them into your intellectual, moral and spiritual being, and so fulfill my joy. Do the work that lies before you. Live the earnest life. Let go the shadow, but grasp the substance. Grow in wisdom and power and goodness. Accept the dear Father's mercies, and be thankful and happy. Rise, day by day, to things above, and when the mortal shall put on immortality, still aspire, as children of the light, to learn and love, and serve and sing."

And so, catching the high and holy refrain, we look from the seen and temporal to the unseen and eternal, and bid the hearts that ache and mourn to find there the consolations that are sure and infinite.

"Swiftly down Time's turbid river,
With the restless tide of years,
We are rushing on forever
Through the smiles and through the tears,
Halting never,
Friends beloved!

But these years take nothing from us
Save the bare and empty shell;
If we've taken out the kernel,
We can keep it just as well
As pure kernel,
Friends beloved!

All our best and dearest treasures
Are not touched by time, we know;
They shall wait upon the spirit
In the home to which we go,
Up in heaven,
Friends beloved!

Gloomy doubts and sad misgivings,
Twilight spectres, grim and drear,
As the view before us widens,
Will dissolve and disappear,
Chased by sunbeams,
Friends beloved!

Voices evermore are speaking
From the silent-seeming dust;
Joy to those who heed the music
Ere earth's clamor all is hushed,
Hushed forever,
Friends beloved!

Warp and woof from out the present
Clingeth to us evermore,
Shall be garment and equipment
When we tread the unseen shore,—
Coming nearer,
Ever nearer,
Friends beloved!"

Ethelbert M. Low.

Died in Philadelphia, 29th ult., 1881, Ethelbert M. Low, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the thirty-third year of his age. Mr. Low, who was born in Brooklyn, October 1, 1848, was the son of Mr. Josiah O. Low, and was of the well-known house, A. A. Low & Brothers. He entered Harvard College when he was seventeen years old, maintained a good rank, and was considered one of the best-read members of his class. He was prominent among the students in boating and in athletic exercises, and strove to realize a vigorous physical as well as mental development—a sound mind in a sound body. Having honorably passed through his collegiate course, he took, with his parents, a tour round the world, and kept a full journal of his travels. This record revealed in the young man a decided literary talent and a rare keenness and freshness of observation. Chiefly in consequence of the desire of others, he entered, on his return, into mercantile pursuits, but never lost sight of the more intellectual employments of which he was so fond. The well-selected library which he has left attests the range and variety of his studies, and the high quality of his mental powers and tastes. He was remarkably well informed in regard to literary and scientific matters, and those who became acquainted with him were struck by his familiarity with almost every subject that came up in the course of conversation. Yet, as he had chosen to follow a business life, this commanded chiefly his time and attention; and here, as elsewhere, what he undertook to do he did with earnest interest and great fidelity. In many ways he sought to improve and perfect his character and to make himself useful among men. He was a member of the Hamilton Debating Society. He was fond of music and sang in an excellent glee club, of which for a time he was the President. He was actively associated as member and also as Secretary with the Brooklyn Art Association. He was deeply interested in politics, and as an independent Republican sought for a genuine reform in the civil service, and more of purity in our popular elections. He

was accustomed to do his own thinking, and to require a reason for whatever his mind was asked to accept. With this more intellectual or logical faculty, he combined a brilliancy of wit, a playfulness of humor, and a rare love of fun, which made his presence in the social circle at all times most welcome and delightful. He was fond of little children, and knew how to entertain and amuse them; nor did they fail to brighten at his coming and give him their hearts in turn. Full of mirth and sunshine, he was at the same time a gentleman, and carried himself in the world with a quiet, self-respecting dignity that was a very part of his nature. The pride and joy of his family circle, he was a devoted son and brother, and a most affectionate husband and father. Three years ago he married Miss Mary Ide, of Brooklyn, who survives him, with a little son born to them a year or two since. As he took leave finally of the near and dear ones, the scene was very touching, while yet the emaciated sufferer was calm and triumphant. He was willing and glad to go, if such was the decree of the Heavenly Father. It was the evident will of God; and so, saying his last adieus to those who were standing at his bedside, sending messages of love to absent friends and relatives, and asking that his infant son should be brought up to be a God-fearing man, he passed peacefully away. He had already realized a strong and well-rounded character. His manhood, like his youth, was stainless; and for all the devotion and care which parents had extended to him in his education and training, he returned, in all that he was and did, a full measure of reward, pressed down and running over. The funeral obsequies of this bright and highly-gifted man took place at his father's residence, 36 Remsen street, Brooklyn, Monday afternoon, August 1st, and were conducted by Rev. A. P. Putnam, Pastor of the Church of the Saviour, assisted by Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah, New York. Many prominent citizens were present, and a large crowd of sorrowing friends filled the house to overflowing.

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